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THE FAITHFUL MIRROR.

INSCRIBED

To her ROYAL HIGHNESS

Princeſs CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA of

WALES.

" With friendly hand I hold the glaſs,
" To all promiſcuous as they paſs;
" Should Folly there her likeneſs view,
" I fret not that the mirror's true;"
It flatters none—let Truth appear,
See Virtue's ſelf reflected here.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

Sold by E. NEWBERY, the corner of *St. Paul's church yard*; and J. HATCHARD, *Piccadilly*.

1799.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Princeſs CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA of

WALES.

MADAM,

WHILE your Royal Highneſs is yet in early infancy, and beauty and inno-

 cence

cence attract love, fear ſeems baniſhed from each ſurrounding mind, and all are anxious to approach, to teſtify their faithful, and their loyal wiſhes. Permit *me*, then, to advance from this crowd, to offer a very ſmall tribute of affectionate zeal for your future welfare.

Should

Should your Royal Highneſs ever condeſcend to look into this mirror, and while you contemplate its reflections, ſhould they offer to your early years the ſmalleſt inſtruction, or the ſmalleſt amuſement, it will afford heartfelt gratification to the one who

preſumes to inſcribe to your Royal Highneſs theſe little pages: and who will ever remain with trueſt reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Royal Highneſs's

very faithful ſervant,

HARRIET ENGLISH.

LEWISHAM,
1ſt. *Jan.* 1799.

Fame ſounded her trumpet, and ſpread the report,
Thro' Europe, thro' Aſia, to each ſplendid court,
That Innocence came to Britannia, who ſmiled,
And *Charlotte Auguſta*, ſhe call'd the ſweet child.
Her treaſures for Charlotte rich nature explored,
And endow'd the loved babe, with gifts ſhe had ſtored;
With beauty, with wit and good humour, ſhe crown'd
The fair one in Britain, whom Fame had renown'd.

The morn of her life opens bright to our view,
And may each added year its ſplendour renew!
For genius brings knowledge, and virtue brings truth,
To be the companion and guide of her youth;
That her ſenſe and her worth did others excel,
The annals of Britain will glory to tell.

THE FAITHFUL MIRROR.

INFANCY.

THE Princeſs Caſſandana received her birth in a court not leſs diſtinguiſhed for its splendour, than its virtues.

Joy

Joy when ſhe entered the world extended from the palace, to the remoteſt corner of her father's dominions; yet the people teſtified not their gladneſs by ridiculous noiſe and exultation. But they felt truly happy in their ſovereign's felicity, and in the hope that to his offſpring would deſcend his virtues.

Now

Now ſee the infant Princeſs.

The Mirror's pleaſing Reflection.

DEAR lovely babe! She ſeems to return the careſſes of the world, and of her fond parents, with the ſweet ſmile of innocence. May it be a prophetick ſmile! prophetick of many future virtues!

Inno-

Innocence! bleſt happy age!
Thou doſt ev'ry heart engage.
Lovely infant, ever gay,
Thy golden hours ſteal away.
Lilies when with roſes twined,
Are ſweet emblems of thy mind:
May they be by Flora ſpread,
Thro' the path that thou muſt tread!
Ev'ry bleſſing mayſt thou share,
Blooming, ſmiling, happy fair!

THE

THE CONTRAST.

THE Princeſs Elmeria was born in a court equally diſtinguiſhed for luxury, and diſſipation. It was difficult to ſay if joy was really felt at her birth, for the expreſſions of all who approached the palace were ſo generally dictated by flattery, that their

ſincerity was always doubted. Noiſy demonſtrations of gladneſs, however, ſpread through the kingdom. Maſquerades, balls, &c. were to be seen in every part.

Now behold the royal idol.

Thou pretty babe! ſurrounded by folly, how wilt thou eſcape her fatal ſnares?

The Mirror's pleaſing Reflection.

JULIA was the daughter of a gentleman of moderate income. Her parents' happineſs when ſhe entered the world, was indeed great. Oh! ſee them. They addreſs their joint prayers to a throne of grace, with hearts filled with gratitude, and praiſe; they im-

implore for bleſſings on their infant child. They pray with earneſtneſs, that ſhe may be endowed with all goodneſs: and with proſperity in this world, if it be the will of her heavenly Father.

Thou happy babe, bleſſed with worthy parents, mayſt thou live, and give them joy!

THE

THE CONTRAST.

HELEN was the only child of parents who poſſeſſed an eaſy independence. Her father and mother from the moment of her birth idolized their infant treaſure. The wind muſt not blow on their little darling, nor yet the bright rays of the ſun enter

her chamber, left her fair ſkin be freckled.

Poor babe! no pious prayers are made for thee. Can this periſhing world ſatisfy an immortal ſoul? Alas! thou wilt find it cannot.

The Mirror's pleasing Reflection.

JENNY was the daughter of a poor labourer. Her honeſt parents worked hard for a maintenance; yet they rejoiced to have a child, though their toil muſt be increaſed. The minds of this happy pair were not enlightened by learning, not yet enlarged by

an intercourſe with the world. But they were honeſt, good, induſtrious, and uſeful in their ſtation.

Bleſſed babe, the offspring of ſuch parents, thy lot is happy. Many born to affluence are not ſo bleſſed.

THE CONTRAST.

SALLY was the only child of poor parents, whose industry might easily have procured them a sufficiency: but discontented with their condition, they were always planning some easier method than work to increase their possessions. The mother now in-

dulges her indolence becauſe ſhe has a babe to nurſe; the father gives up his work, to ſeek ſome eaſier, and more profitable employment.

Little innocent, what fatal example will thy parents give thee! Ah, thou ſeemeſt born to idleneſs, to beggary, to miſery.

YOUTH.

The Princeſs Caſſandana, or the Mirror's pleaſing Reflection.

SINCE laſt we ſaw the royal maid, how ſhe is grown, improved!

But hold — the parents ſay — let firſt the mirror ſhow the lovely mind.

Tis ſhown; and ah! how pleaſing is the ſight. What a ſtore of virtues do we ſee.—Her temper is gentle, mild, ſerene. Her heart is ſimple, true, ſincere.

Generous, liberal, kind, the virtuous Caſſandana is loved, as much as praiſed. Her brighteſt ornament it is true is virtue; but learning too is hers. Her mind is adorned with all the ſcience,

and

and the wit of ancient Greece and Rome. The Muſes and the Graces too, lend her their charms.

The nation pleaſed, obſerves its ſovereign's joy, and cries delighted, "to wiſdom and to virtue, we will ſtill be loyal."

Thou faithful mirror, ever true,
Delighted we this image view.
See youth, with ev'ry charm combined,
Beauty reflecting virtue's mind.

The Princeſs Elmeria, or the Contraſt.

BEHOLD the ſplendid fair one. Surrounded by flattery, and by every thing that can ſtifle reaſon, and intoxicate the mind. Look at her, obſerve her manner. Here is pride, affectation, caprice; each geſture denotes ſomething unpleaſing.

ſing. Is this the innocence we ſaw a few years ſince? How changed! But turn the mirror; let us take a cloſer view. Alas, with ſorrow do we ſee, a heavenly mind diſgraced. Vanity each thought employs. To be admired is her ſole wiſh; but no ſucceſs that wiſh attends.

Even on a throne, 'tis virtue gains eſteem, 'tis virtue gains reſpect. Why

Why is Elmeria different from the Princeſs Caſſandana?

Elmeria's royal parents would never ſuffer their child to be inſtructed, from the fear of hurting her health; nor to be contradicted, becauſe they thought contradiction degrading to regal dignity. So in her we ſee a human creature ſpoiled by folly: and ignorant of what is right, or what is

is wrong. Caſſandana was early inſtructed to walk in virtue's path, and wiſdom's ways. She was likewiſe taught that a throne, as it exalts virtue, renders vice but more conſpicuous.

Julia,

Julia, or the Mirror's pleasing Reflection.

SEE the modeſt, humble fair. Her parents' prayers have ſure been heard. Ye maids of Britain's favoured iſle, come take a peep at Julia. See her tender behaviour to an indulgent mother; obſerve her filial duty to the beſt of fathers.

thers. Now reflect on the great advantage of a well directed education.

Julia is a bleſſing to her family, and a bleſſing to the world. Her pious mind is fixed on heaven. She is cheerful, happy.

Pleaſure ſhe finds within her family; ſhe ſeeks no joy beyond her home.

All the amusements a cultivated mind affords, are her's. Active in duty, active in study, health, peace, and joy, go ever with her.

Helen,

Helen, or the Contraſt.

BEHOLD the ſpoiled child. 'Tis true her face is fair, her form is delicate; but is her mind too, beauteous? Ah no! A prey to paſſion, a prey to folly, ſhe is wretched, ſhe knows not why.

Oh cruel parents, who have cauſed the miſery of the fair

creature to whom ye did give birth. Inſtead of guarding her from vice, ye have expoſed her to temptation. And now, look at your child. She is weak, ſhe is vain, ſhe is artful, deſpicable. Oh grieve to ſee the beauty of a ſoul immortal ſo deſtroyed.

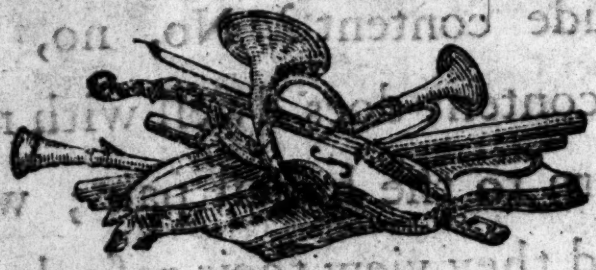
Jenny,

Jenny, or the Mirror's pleaſing Reflection.

HAIL ruſtick, happy girl! How bleſſed art thou? Does poverty preclude content? No, no, ſhe ſays, content does dwell with me.

Turn to the honeſt pair; well pleaſed they view their roſy, healthy child.

Thy cottage, Jenny, is the cot of peace. Though poor in gold, thou art rich in virtue, rich in honesty, in industry, in goodness!



Sally,

Sally, or the Contraſt.

POOR Sally, poor ſhivering, half ſtarved girl. I am ſorry for thee. But pity will not buy thee bread.

Go work, my dear. — I cannot, I know not how.

Poor child! Here take the penny my compaſſion gives. But oh, to live a burden to the world, a burden to thyſelf, is ſad.

WOMAN.

The Princeſs Caſſandana, or the Mirror's pleaſing Reflection.

WHAT change does time produce! The royal pair we lately ſaw, have left their earthly, for immortal joys. The Princeſs Caſſandana now wears the regal crown. How bleſſed the nation that

that has ſuch a ruler. Her judgement is mature; her reaſon ſtrong; her choice of miniſters is good. Her people not oppreſſed by deſpotick ſway, enjoy a happy liberty.

The regal power of royal Caſſandana, is only exerted to reſtrain vice, and to encourage virtue. In this bleſſed nation all is flouriſhing. The throne gives

the example of that virtue, moderation, regularity, and decorum, which ſpread far and wide, to the moſt diſtant corner of Caſſandana's extenſive realm.

The people of ſuch a ſovereign muſt be loyal. And the whole nation muſt revere the memory of the worthy parents, whoſe offspring is now their bleſſing.

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with honour, worth, renown,
Behold her wear the regal crown:
See her, in peaceful ſmiles array'd,
To bleſs the court, or ſilent ſhade.

The Princeſs Elmeria, or the Contraſt.

THE royal crown Elmeria likewiſe wears. And hear the nation groan beneath her ſway. Pleaſure inſtead of being the relaxation, is the buſineſs of Elmeria's life.

Her miniſter was the choice of

of haſte, an ill-judged choice: and oh, the people feel, and ſuffer from her errour. How can a nation be attached to ſuch a queen? who rules over them, with capricious, with inhuman ſway.

Know, oh royal dame, that man, the pooreſt man, will not bear unmoved a tyrant's rod.

Look at the throne; it is ob-

ſcured

ſcured by a cloud of luxury, and diſſipation. Its fatal influence is ſeen both far and near. The wretched people taking the court for an example, ſeek to loſe their cares in diſſipation, in extravagance and in folly. Diſſenſion in the nation, quickly follows, which joined to idleneſs, and extravagance, is ſure to cauſe the ſpeedy downfal of any kingdom.

Julia,

Julia, or, the Mirror's pleasing Reflection.

ANOTHER scene is opened on the virtuous Julia.

See the happy wife, see the joyful mother.

She is returning with sincerity the steady affection of a worthy man. How prudent is her

her conduct: dignified, yet engaging: affable, and modeſt. In her houſe ſhe is an active, clever miſtreſs. Her ſervants obey and ſerve her with delight. Her children love in her the tender mother, and reſpect, and revere, the virtuous parent.

Happy Julia! Happy in the performance of all thy duties. Thine is permanent felicity.

Helen,

Helen, or the Contraſt.

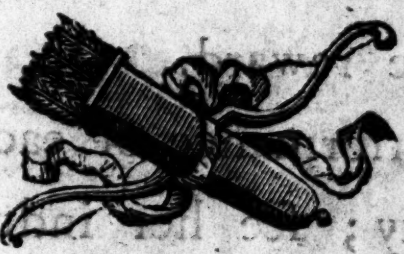
SEE the ſlave of faſhion. She too is a wedded dame; but where are her domeſtick joys? She ſeeks her pleaſure in the midnight dance, the rout, the play, the maſquerade. Oh, miſtaken Fair one! In thoſe ſcenes

of

of buſtle there is no joy for thy diſtracted mind.

Go home. Recall thy huſband's heart, by different conduct, ere it is too late. Behold thyſelf in this mirror, which I preſent thee. Turn not away. 'Tis true thou art unpleaſing, artful, vain, affected; but remember thou art ſtill in the land of the living

living, thou art yet in the place of hope. Haſten then to change thy vicious courſe. Oh giddy flutterer, what already gone? Ah faſhion's clamour drowns the voice of reaſon.



Jenny, or the Mirror's pleaſing Reflection.

AGAIN I hail thee, ruſtick cottager. Still purſuing duty's path; ſtill poſſeſſed of ſweet content, her ſure reward. Oh, ſee her ſtrict performance of each humble duty; ſee her induſtry; it now doth more than ſatisfy her bounded

bounded wiſhes. Already ſhe has treaſured up a ſtore for age.

Continue thus to act, oh, Jenny. For happy are the virtuous in the pooreſt ſtation.

THE CONTRAST.

POOR Sally, and does thy poverty, and thy idleneſs ſtill purſue thee? Still pennileſs and diſtreſsed! This is the conſequence of thy idle life. Ye labouring poor approach.

Behold this faithful mirror. It preſents thee with the good effect

effect of induſtry, with the ſad, the fatal conſequence of idleneſs. Come learn a uſeful leſſon, then retire.

OLD AGE.

As trembling Age approaches near,
May all, your tott'ring ſteps revere!
Your parting Sun at cloſe of day,
Beam o'er the *paſt* a golden ray!
The *future* ſtill your thoughts employ,
Bright Hope inſpiring boſom joy!

Now ſee old age comes on; and ſoon or late grim Death muſt viſit all: to the palace, to the humble roof, and to the pooreſt cot, the king of terrours comes. Yet not to all he bears that dreadful name. A king of terrours he muſt be, to thoſe who never ſtop their thoughtleſs, or their wicked courſe, to think of an eternal home.

But

But to the wiſe, the virtuous, to them Death brings a welcome meſſage. They hail him as the harbinger of unceaſing joy.

Oh, bleſſed mortals! who can thus receive your laſt, your awful warning.

FINIS.